

Whatever you Do, part 2

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Summary: Here's the second part- part 3 coming soon, and it get's more into the mystery.

Whatever you Do, part 2

At the Beach House, 7:30

Not long after Steve had left, Jesse and Amanda arrived. "Hi Mark!" Amanda called out cheerfully.

"Hi, guys," Mark returned.

"So what's for dinner?" Jesse asked, always thinking of his stomach. Amanda rolled her eyes.

"How does salad, Italian bread and Pasta sound?" Mark asked, knowing what the answer would be. Jesse licked his lips in anticipation.

"So, Mark, where's Steve?" Amanda questioned.

"Out to dinner," Mark paused, his eyes twinkling. "With Tanis."

"Ah ha!" Amanda nodded and raised her eyebrows.

Jesse looked back and forth between them. "What am I missing? Isn't she in Colorado with her dad?" he asked with his trademark "I'm confused" look.

"Her dad died and she's moving back here." Amanda supplied.

"Oh," that satisfied him for the moment. "So how about that dinner?"

Back at Marcy's....

They entered the restaurant. There was a large room with tables and booths, and a dance floor in the middle. Tanis glanced around the room.

"Not bad," she said appreciatively.

Steve grinned. "Wait'll you taste the food!"

A waiter seated them at a table and handed them each a menu. Tanis studied the menu for a few minutes. She looked up at Steve.

"What would you suggest?"

"I don't know, everything's good. The steak dinner I guess." The waiter came back and took their orders. Steve got chicken parmesan.

"So how was working in Colorado?" Steve questioned.

"Definitely different from L.A. I was in a smaller town, too, because I wanted to be near my dad."

"So I take it you were pretty close to your dad."

She looked down at the napkin in her lap. "Yeah."

Steve noticed the pain in her eyes whenever she talked about her dad. He had an irresistible urge to take her in his arms and hold her until the pain went away. He shook his head to himself. He was being crazy again. His train of thought was broken as the waiter approached the table with their drinks. Steve maneuvered the conversation on to more pleasant things. They relaxed and enjoyed the atmosphere until the waiter came back with their food. Tanis took a bite of her steak.

"Mmm. This is good!"

"Told ya."

After they finished their meals, they sat and talked for a while. Steve's eyes kept drifting towards the dance floor. There were a few people dancing now. Tanis was watching him. She met his eyes.

"Would you like to dance?" she smiled.

He grinned back. "I would love to." He held his hand out, and she took it. He guided her out to the dance floor. She slid her arms around his neck, and he put his hands on her waist. A new song was coming on. Tanis rested her head against his shoulder and listened to the words.

Breathe-Faith Hill I can feel the magic floating in the air  
Being with you gets me that way I watch the sunlight dance across your face  
And I've never been this swept away

All my thoughts just seem to settle on the breeze  
When I'm lying wrapped up in your arms  
The whole world just fades away  
The only thing I hear is the beating of your heart

Cause I can feel you breathe It's washing over me Suddenly I'm melting into you There's nothing left to prove Baby all we need is just to be Caught up in the touch The slow and steady rush Baby isn't that the way that love's supposed to be? I can feel you breathe Just breathe...

In a way I know my heart is waking up As all the walls come tumbling down Closer than I've ever felt before And I know and you know there's no need for words right now

(repeat chorus)

Caught up in the touch The slow and steady rush Baby isn't that the way that love's supposed to be? I can feel you breathe Just breathe...

I can feel the magic floating in the air Being with you gets me that way

As the song ended, Steve tightened his grip on her waist. It was hard to believe this was actually happening. They moved slowly around the dance floor, swaying with the music. This was the closest they'd ever been, physically, and Steve's heart was pounding.

"You know," Tanis spoke up softly. "I didn't think you'd want to dance."

"And why is that?"

"I don't know, you just don't seem like the dancing type."

"Guess that all depends who I'm dancing with."

"You wouldn't dance with me at Bob's."

"Well, I don't like swing. Besides, you looked like you were having a pretty good time with Jesse." "I didn't want to dance with Jesse. I wanted to dance with you." She looked up at him. Their eyes met and something clicked. Steve stopped at the edge of the dance floor.

"Tanis," he said softly. He looked into her eyes, as if trying to figure out what she was thinking. He leaned in and kissed her tenderly on the lips. She responded with more passion than he expected, perhaps even hoped for. He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her closer. Tanis ran her fingers through his hair. Her mind was spinning and she could barely think. A few moments later, Steve pulled away.

"I think we should probably get going," he said softly. "People are staring at us." She realized he was right. Steve grabbed the bill off the table on the way out.

Tanis was still trying to take in everything that had just happened. She'd wanted this for so long, she didn't think it was possible that it was actually happening.

Steve finished paying, and they walked out into the cool night air. But instead of heading toward the car, Steve pulled her over to the edge of the sidewalk.

"In a hurry?" he asked, his eyes sparkling mischeviously.

"Oh I don't know..."she murmured as she presses her lips to his.

For Steve the feel of her lips and body pressed against his his did something to him, and he couldn't get enough of it.

Tanis leaned into his embrace. She'd never felt do safe and secure in her life, or so deliriously happy.

Beach House, 9:30

Steve strolled into the living room, where his father, Amanda and Jesse were sitting.

"Hey guys.

"Hi Steve," Mark answered. "Have fun?"

"Yeah," Steve didn't volunteer anything more as he lowered himself into a recliner. 'Fun' didn't even begin to describe the evening he'd had, but this wasn't the time to get into that. But he wasn't sure if he could keep the grin off his face.

That satisfied Mark for the moment. He would get the details later. But not Jesse. "That's all you're going to tell us?" He asked Steve. Steve shot him a look that said he did not feel like sharing. Jesse shut up.

"Steve, you still working on the Gibbon's case?" Mark asked.

"Yeah, I'm talking to Danny Gibbons and the principal of the school he works at tomorrow morning." As soon as the words left his mouth, he regretted it. Now his dad would want to come. Sure enough, the next words out of his dad's mouth were, "Mind if I tag along?"

Steve kicked himself mentally. He would've liked to have the day alone with Tanis. But he couldn't very well turn his dad down, or he would know something was up. And he and Tanis had decided to keep this between the two of them for a while.

"Sure, dad," Steve tried not to sound too dissappointed.

Amanda spoke for the first time. "I really have to get going, I told my babysitter I'd be home at ten."

"Bye," Mark, Steve and Jesse chorused. "See you tomorrow," Mark added.

"Im going to head downstairs, guys," Steve said. "Bye, Jess. See you in the morning, dad."

"Night Steve," Mark said.

Steve undressed and got into bed. But he knew he wouldn't be able to sleep. Not with the day's events playing through his head, especially the past few hours. He'd never even considered Tanis as anything more

than a good friend. Was it possible she was the one that was perfect for him? He'd felt something tonight, different than he'd ever felt before. Well, he'd just have to wait and see what happened. He closed his eyes and finally drifted off to sleep, a smile on his face.

End  
file.